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STATIONS, EXPRESS. 7.45am Lv. Union Depot, Louisv'e. Ar. 1.207m 8.00 ......... Kentucky Street ........ 1.05

31121	Pleasure Ridge Park	100
X algorithm	Valley	
4 483		
8.45	West Point	2.25
9.16	Rock Haven	2.04
	Long Branch	
9.36	Brandenburg	1.44
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## The Joyful Surprise.

REV. DR. TALMAGE IN VIENNA PREACHES ON THE SUR-PRISES OF RELIGION.

On His Way Home He Preaches on Example of the Stothful

Vienna, Jan. 5.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city today on "The Surprises of Re-ligion." His text was I Kings, x, 7: "Be-hold, the half was not told to me." The sermon was as follows:

Appearing before you today, my mind yet gitated with the scenery of the Holy Land, from which we have just arrived, you will expect me to revert to some of the scenes once enacted there. Mark a circle around Lake Galilee, and another circle around Jerusalem, and you describe the two regions in which cluster memories of more events than in any other two circles. Jerusalem was a spell of fascination that will hold me the rest of my life. Solomon had resolved that that city should be the center of all sacred, regal and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his cara-He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the east, so that all the long trains of merchandise from the east were obliged to stop there, pay toll and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He manned the fortress Thapsacus, at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there. The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters and celebrated all the world over; oil, which in that hot country is the entire substitute for butter and lard, and was pressed from the clive branches until every tree in the country became an oil well; and honey, which was the entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported, and received in return fruits and precious woods and the ani-

HOW SOLOMON ENLARGED HIS KINGDOM. He went down to Ezion-geber and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen, and watched the launching of the fictilla which was to go out on more than a year's voyage, to bring home the wealth of known world. He heard that the Egyptian horses were large and swift, and long maned and round limbed, and he resolved to purchase them, giving eighty-five dollars apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stall, and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent out one hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, to construct it into rafts to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He beard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, planted them in his own gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine, the lineal descendants of the very flowers that Bolomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them and bring them there, and he put them into his cages.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up to the king's gate, and the ox trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and beasts of every boof, and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run, and the chariots wheel! Hark to the orchestra! Gaze upon the dance! Not stopping to look into the wonders of the

Not stopping to look into the wonders of the temple, step right on to the causeway, and pass up to Solomon's palace!

Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of many empires. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors and the successful explanation of the corresponded explanation to the corresponded explanation. suspended gallery and the approach to the throne. Traceried window opposite traceried window. Brouzed ornaments bursting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapiters, surrounded by network of leaves, in which imitation fruit seemed suspended, as in hanging baskets. Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches soulptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver. A laver, capable of holding five hundred barrels of water, on six hundred brazen ox heads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystalline brightness and musical plash. Ten tables chased with cha-riot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon riot wheel and lion and cherubim. Solomon sat on a throne of ivory. At the seating place of the throne, on each end of the steps, a brasen lion. Why, my friends, in that place they trimmed their candles with snuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the alter firm with tones of gold. Gold rethe altar fires with tongs of gold. Gold re-flected in the water! Gold flashing from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold, gold, gold!

Of course the news of the affluence of that

Of course the news of the affluence of that place went out everywhere by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem! I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the drivers, and I see the dust covered caravan showing that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace before the queen has alighted. Shake out the cinnamon, and the saffron, and the calmus, and the frankincense, and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

The queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace, the washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquot. The cup bearers bow. The meat smokes. The music trembles in the dash of the waters from the

bles in the dash of the waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the about the waters from the molten sea. Then she rises from the and gases on the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.

She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, and all the previous woods which are intended to be turned into harps and pasteries and into raillings for the causeway between the tample and the paisee, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in money—she begins to think that all these presents amount to bothing in such a place, and she is almost ashemed that she has brought them, and she may within herealt; "I heard a great deal about this place and about this wonderful religion of the Helmews, but I find it for beyond my highest anticipations. I must

comes to a neighborhood, the first to receive it are the women. Some men say it is because they are weakminded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, every Christian—a greater surprise the more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the Gospel, then all the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come the greatly prospered. Alas, that it is so!

If there are those who have been favored of fortune, or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who blessed this queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this queen's com-pany. I am glad that Christ has had his imperal friends in all ages-Elizabeth Christina, queen of Prussia; Maria Feodorovna, queen of Russia; Marie, empress of France; Helena, the imperial mother of Constantine; Areadia, from her great fortunes building public baths in Constantinople and toiling for the alleviation of the masses; Queen Ciosand of his armed warriors to Christian bap-tism; Elizabeth, of Burgundy, giving her jeweled glove to a beggar, and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Prince Albert, singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor castle, and Queen Victoria, incognita, reading the Scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones, and music

all its harmonies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its statuary, and architecture all its pillars, and conquest all its scepters; and the queens of the earth, in long line of advance, frankineeuse filling the air and the camels laden with gold, shall ap-proach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater

THE RINGDOM OF HEAVEN MUST BE SOUGHT. Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where Sheba wast It was in Abyssinia, or some say in the southern part of Arabia Felix. In either case, it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To get from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country infested with bandits, and go across blistering deserts. Why did not the queen of Shebs stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and wealth of King Solomon? She wanted to see for herself and hear for herself. She could not do this by work of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand kingdoms like Sheba, and she wanted a robe richer than any woven by oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the jewels of the throne and put them on the caravan. Start now; no time to be lost. Goad on the camels. When I see that caravan, dust covered, weary and exhausted, trudging on across the desert and among the bandits until it reaches Jerusalem, I say; "There is an earnest seeker after the truth."

But there are a great many who do not act in that way. They all want to get the truth, but they want the truth to come to them; they do not want to go to it. There are people who fold their arms and say: "I am ready to become a Christlan at any time; if I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." But Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ will not come to you; you must go and get religion, Bring out the camals; put on all the sweet spices, all the treasures of the heart's affec-tion. Start for the throne. Go in and hear the waters of salvation dashing in fountains all around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet—the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eshcol, the angels of God the cupbearers. Goad on the camels. The Bible declares it: "The queen of the south"—that is, this very woman I am speaking of—"the queen of the south shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold! a greater than Solomon is here. What infatuation, the sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." Take the

kingdom of heaven by violence, Urge on the camels! Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. This story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolled on and on, and was told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news gees on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enlarges as i is retold, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen de clares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had her anticipations raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

THE CONVERT'S JOYFUL SURPRISE. So religion is always a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of grace—an old story. Apostles preached it with rattle of chain; martyrs declared it with arm of fire; death beds have affirmed it with visions of glory, and ministers of religion have sounded it through the lanes, and the highways, and the chapels and the cathedrals. It has been cut into stone with chisel, and spread on the can-vas with pencil; and it he been recited in the doxology of great congregations. And yet when a man first comes to look on the palace of God's mercy, and to see the royalty of Christ, and the wealth of this banquet, and the luxuriance of his attendants, and the loveliness of his face, and the joy of his service, he exclaims with prayers, with tears, with sighs, with triumphs: "The half—the

I appeal to those who are Christians. Com-pare the idea you had of the joy of the Chris-tian life before you became a Christian, with the appreciation of that joy you have now since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to attest before angels and men that you never in the days of your spiritual bondage had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready today to answer and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy and the grace and the goodness of God: "The half—the half was not

Well, we hear a great deal about the good time that is coming to this world, when it is to be girded with salvation. Holiness on the bells of the horses. The lion's mane patted by the hand of a babe. Ships of Tarshish bringing cargoes for Jesus, and the hard, dry, harren, winter bleached, storm scarred, thunder split rock breaking into floods of bright water. Deserts into which dromedaries thrust their nostrils, because they were afraid of the simoon deserts blooming into carnation roses and sliver tipped lilles.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told it, John told it, Paul told it, Exekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told the everybody tells it; and yet—and yet when the midnight shall fly the hills, and Christ shall marshal his great army, Well, we hear a great deal about the good

yet—and yet when the minight shall fly the fills, and Christ shall marshal his great army, and China, dashing her idole into the dust, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and India, destroying her Juggernaut and snatching up her little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wheel into line; and vine covered Italy and

add more than fifty per cent, to what has wheat crowned Russia, and all the nations of been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me." the half—the half was toiling and struggling through the centuries, thing it is when social position and wealth her husband, shall put aside her veil and look surrender themselves to God. When religion up into the face of her Lord the King and

> Weil, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian-a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. We say it is a harbor from the storm. We call it home. We say it is the house of many mansic We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exhilarant words; we weave them into letters, and then we spell it out in rose and lily and amaranth. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian. Like the queen of Sheba, the report has o me to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It a desert march, but we urge on the caniels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions, as frankinceuse and myrrh and cassia, to the great King. We must not rest, we must not halt. The night is coming on, and it is not safe out here in the desert. Urge on the camels, I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples and the gardens.

gates flash as they open to let in the poor pil-Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; bathe in these waters; recline on these banks. Take this common and frankincense and myrrh and put it upon a conser and swing it before the altar." And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that-Jesus on the throne, and we made like him! All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry world without end: "The half-the half was

See the fountains dance in the sun, and the

The Man with the Coonskin Cap. One night a year ago there were half a dozen of us to go up to the village hotel in the rickety old 'bus, and among the crowd was a solemn looking old chap, dressed in very plain goods and wearing a coonskin cap. It was the typical village hotel landlord in the barroom, a very fresh young man behind the register, mighty little for supper, and that poorly ecoked, and there was more or less growling. The man with the coonskin was treated very brusquely by the clerk, and the frowsy headed waiter girl didn't seem to care whether he had anything to eat or not. He didn't say much, but it was evident that he was mad.

After supper the landlord and "Coonskin" had a private confab, When it was ended the old man came down stairs, opened the front door, and then turned to the clerk and "You git!"

"What do you mean?"

"I have rented this hotel. Skip!"
The clerk put on his coat and hat and walked out. Then "Coonskin" sent word to the cook and waiter girl to be out in half an hour, for the hostler to be gone by midnight, and for the barkeeper to vacate by noon the night, but we had to get our breakfast at a bakery. By noon the doors of the hotel were nailed up, signs of "Closed" posted, and as we footed it down to the depot the solemn old man thawed out sufficiently to observe:

"I'm after seven more of 'em along thi, line of railroad, and if I can shut 'em up the public will be in my debt. I have figured it out to my entire satisfaction, and I truly believe that three-fifths of the crime in this country is incited by poor hotel keeping."-New York

The World of Science

Ants are caught and killed at Kew Gardens by flowers of the orchid class. The ante are too large for the flower, but they visit it for the sake of the honey and get caught in the mucilage. The flower, however, suffers equally with the ant.

It is well known that whales can remain long time under water, but exact data as to the time have been lacking. Dr. Kucken-thal, of Jena, has recently observed a harpooned white whale continued under water forty-five minutes.

In Germany they are making coffee from linwed meal roasted to a dark color and mixed with some glutinous substance before passing through machines which form it in the shape of beans. Experiments during three months, taken to

determine the velocity of the wind at the top of the Eiffel tower, show a mean velocity three times greater at the summit than the The electric light of 20,000,000 candle pow-

er in the lighthouse at Hanstholm, coast of Jutland, said to be the most powerful light in the world, is now lighted for service. well suited for the cultivation of the tea

A great destruction of life took place upon the old Lawton farm, two miles up

river. For several generations there has been a muskrat pond about twenty rods from the Kennebec, consisting of a half acre or more, besides eight acres of splendid land which was made worthless by its surroundings, which was drained across to the river by laying a sewer under ground five to nine feet deep. When the water was drawn off to near the bottom the men noticed that it was charged with animated life, and as the bottom Legan to appear the struggle in-creased, and it was estimated there were from two to four cart loads of lizards from two to five inches in length, mixed with reptiles shaped like the tadpole, four and five inches long, and a promiscuous collection of bugs and smaller fry, some of which looked like green grasshoppers.-Skowbegan Re-

A German writing from Lisbon relates the following coincidences: "When the ca-thedral bell at Braganza, the ancient resi-dence of the Portuguese royal family, was tolling for the death of Queen Maria II, mother of the late King Luis I, in 1853, it cracked. In 1861, when the castle ensign was hoisted half mast high at Braganza on the occasion of the death of King Pedro V. brother of the late king, it was torn to pieces immediately by the storm. At the death of King Luis I, last month, the cathedral bell again cracked, and the castle ensign was again torn to shreds by the wind."-Galignani's Messenger.

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The forms of untruth which prevail among a people are always highly characteristic of mental, if not of moral, qualities. The humorous exaggerations of our people are in strong contrast with the bold inventions of the Persians, which resemble the extrava-gances of the "Arabian Nights." The author "From the Indus to the Tigris" tells the following as a specimen of Persian mendacity: One of the Persians of our escort assured us that the wind often prevailed with such furious force that it knocked people off their

"Why, only last year," said be, with most animated gestures, "it tore up the sand in that hollow away to the left with such force, and swept it away in such quantities, that it exposed the remains of an ancient town of which nobody ever dreamed the existence before. The houses were discovered in rare or der. The chambers were clear of debris and clean swept of dust, and, marvelous to re late, the furniture was found just as it stood when the city was swallowed up in the

earth." "You astonish me," I said; "this is something very wonderful."

"Yes," he continued, "you speak the truth -it is wonderful, God is great, and his power is infinite. But I will tell you the most wonderful thing of all. Everything looked perfect and most substantial, but the moment a hand was stretched out to touch an object, the object at once crumbled to powder. The place is only a few miles off our road; would you like to gallop ever and

see it!" "Your description," I said, "is so complete that I see the place before my mind's eye. Why incommode ourselves in this rain for what is so apparent!"

I saw that he felt the sarcasm, though, with genuine Persian nonchalance, he cov ered his retreat with an "As you will! There the place is, and if you like to see it, I am ready to accompany you."-Youth's Com-

Too Much "Solomon."

Dr. Mulchmore, editor of The Presby-terian, while making a tour around the world, was painfully impressed by the fact that a popular piece of music, in which there are "vain repetitions," may become irritat-He says:

On our tour, in nearly every church where we preached or worshiped which had a choir of some pretensions, we heard the piece, "Consider the Lilies," which in song, bold and flighty, told us five or six times that Solomon was "not arrayed."

For the first two or three times we did not consider the gravity of the matter, but finally became a little restive over Solomon's con dition, when it was repeated and emphasized in moderate tones, in tenderness and in high sounding tones, in trills, in shricks, that "Solomon was not arrayed;" and what was more embarrassing, the singers sometimes looked and bowed to us, as if we were to

When we reached San Francisco, thought, "this will end this Solomon busi-We supposed that it was a favorite in the east because he had his bringing up there; but, to our amazement, we heard it is three churches in the occident as well a orient, that "Solomon was not arrayed." In the east there was appropriateness in it

where nobody is much arrayed. But when we heard again in Saratoga, on different occasions, that "Solomon was not arrayed," from four to six times right along, and in a manner that could leave no doubt, and when significant movements of the head were made at us, we felt that it was time that something should be done without fail. Let a collection be taken up for Solomon

That slight cold, of which you think so little may lead to serious trouble with the lungs. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best known remedy for coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

Christmas in England.

The English Christmas is, perhaps, the richest of all in that hearty hospitality and merriment, and that profusion of substantia good cheer which our people, like their Brit-ish cousins, so closely associate with the occa-

The "December liberties," as the wild gam bols, pranks and masquerades of Christma time were called, the famous Christmas din ner of the barons with its dish of boar's head borne upon a massive silver platter in great state the whole length of the immense banqueting hall by the major domo of the house hold, attended by a large number of servants and vassals, the "mumming" or masquerading, the singing of Christmas carols, the play ing at snap dragon, hot cockles and all the other Christmas sports and games, presided over by a specially appointed officer of the household called the lord of misrule or the abbot of unreason—all these and countless other features of the old English Christmas, Scott, that wonderful "wigard of the north,

has described as only he could do it. The modern English Christmas found it apostle in Dickens, who, in his vivid word pictures, has most clearly and accurately portrayed its every light and shadow. The wild abandon of its predecessor of centuries ago has been somewhat restrained, but with-in the limit of becoming mirth there is still no merrier Christmas. It is a strange fact, bowever, that in England the day after Christmas, or "boxing day," as it is called, is an occasion of even greater festivity among the working classes than Christmas day itself. It derives its name from the "Christmas boxes" or donations of Christmas spending money which are collected on that day by letter carriers, milkmen, butchers' boys and other equally useful members of society.—Cor. Washington Star.

A City in the Sea. A city at the bottom of the sea was seen toward the end of November, near Trepton, on the shores of the Baltic. For a week or ten days a powerful wind had been blowing from the south and on the day the wonderful sight was witnessed. It amounted to little less than a hurricane. The waters were pushed away from the shore in great mountains, uncovering a portion of ground usually hidden from sight by the waters. It was at this time that the ruins of the city of Regamuende, once a flourishing commercial con ter, but swallowed up by the Baltic between five and six centuries ago, was revealed to the startled watchers in the lighthouse year the shore. The unusual spectacle was en-joyed only for a short time, when the storm abated and the waves returned, and again hid from view what had once usen the abode of busy men and women.—St. Louis Repub-

Some one asked an old lady about a sermon, "Could you remember it?" "Remember it? La, no! The minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."— Christain Advocata

A down cast constable had a hard experience the other day. He went out after a gang of poachers, and was not only cordially received by them, but was invited to accoun pany them on a hunting expedition. The reason for so much cordiality was not appar-ent until the officer found that his late companious had managed to leave him alone on an uninhabited Island, where they kept him for two days and nights.—Lewiston Journal.

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1890.

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Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in compony with Tag Ses.

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